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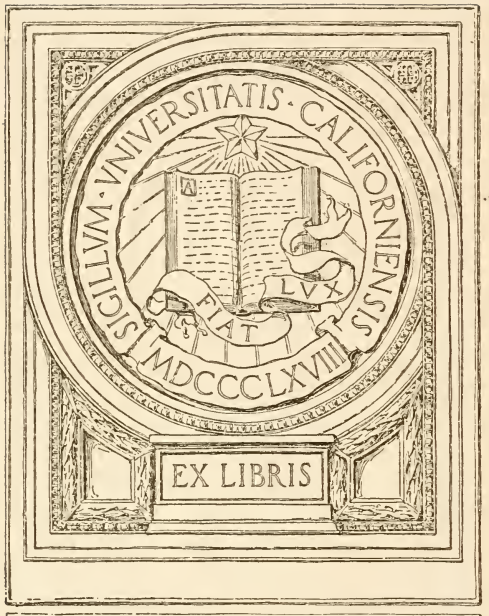
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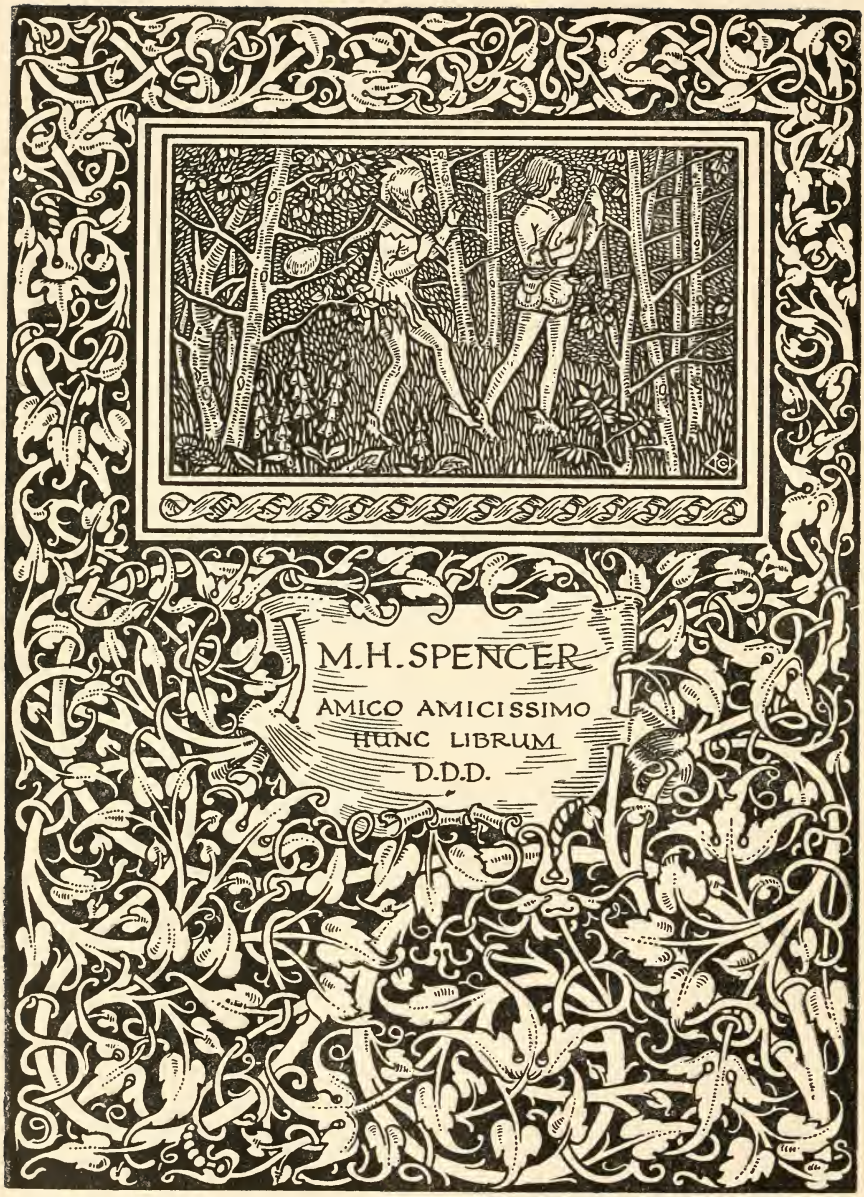
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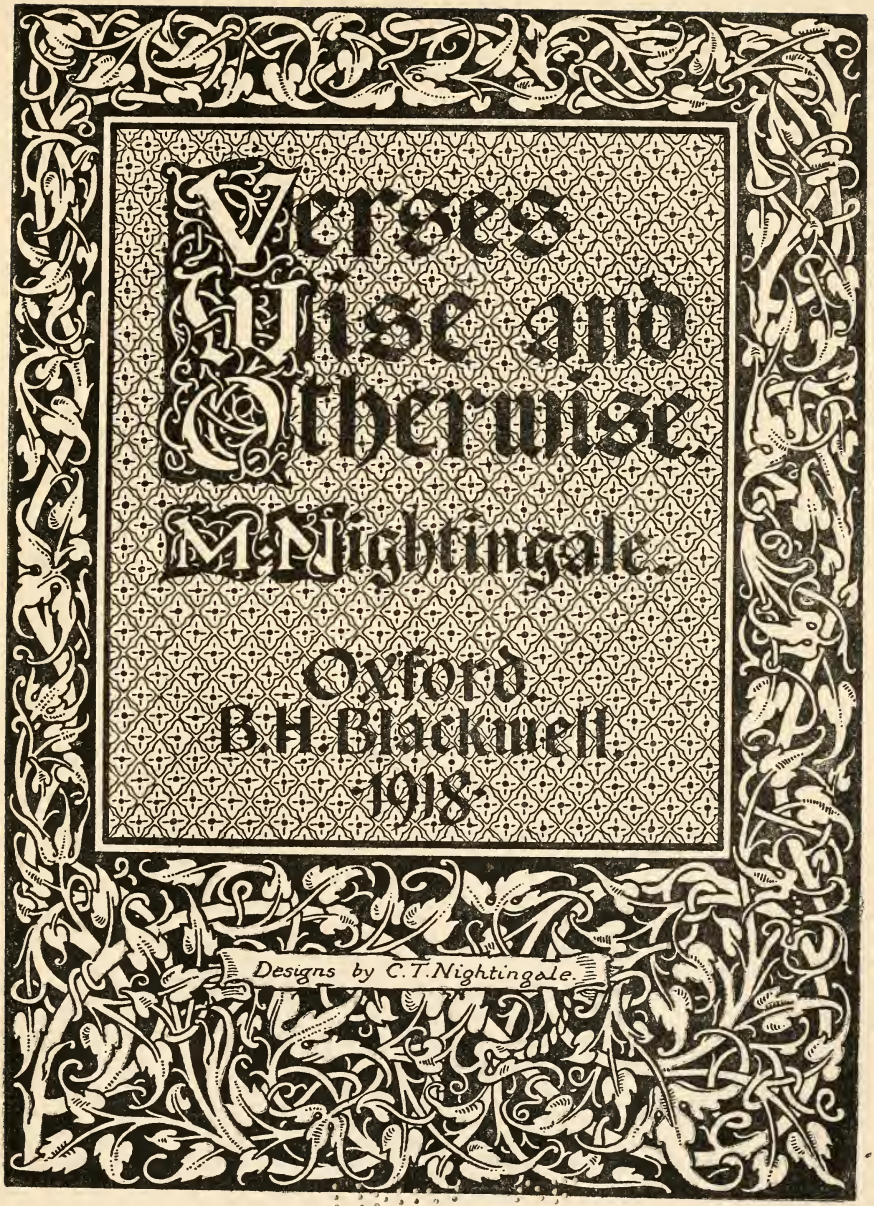

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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ON A MAY MORNING.

HAME on you, slug-a-bed!
Cheerly the morrow
Lifteth a happy head,
Banisheth sorrow;
Shame on you so to lie,
Thankless and surly,
See the sun in the sky
Risen so early.
Night is a runaway,
How can a body say
"Heigh ho! Alack-a-day!"
On a May morning?

High aloft, hear a lark
His matins chanting,
On the eaves, starling-clerk
Routing and ranting;
Not a bird has his song
But is a-singing,
Valleys and hills along
Music is ringing;

ON A MAY MORNING

Tuning a leafy lyre
Even the winds conspire
So to augment the quire
On a May morning.

See through the meadow grass
Shepherd boys wending,
Whistling the while they pass
To their flocks tending.
Morn for the gay and glad
Weigheth out pleasure,
He who lies late and sad
Forfeits his measure.
Waken, then, sleepy-head,
Lest her bright feet be fled,
Dawn hath a lightsome tread
On a May morning.

See all the fodder-field
Crimsoning over,
Where the spring grasses yield
To the red clover.
Soon down the hawthorn rows
Bees will be humming,

He who shall hear them knows
Summer is coming.
What though the sunny hours
Cormorant Time devours?
Rich are his passing dowers
On a May morning.

Over the garden-way
Lilies and roses
Nod, while among them stray
Gilly-flower posies.
Joy is abroad again,
Yours for the asking,
Never could sorrow feign
Such a sweet masking.
Who recks of fallen tears?
Who shadows coming years?
Earth into heaven peers
On a May morning.

THE PIPER.

HROUGH the waving meadow grass
Once I heard the Piper pass,
Piping, piping, as he went,
Songs of sweetest argument.
Till the thyme-bells in their ringing,
Till the grasses in their swinging,
Bees their laden homeways winging,
Stayed to listen to his singing.
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
That was very long ago.
Tell me where the Piper 's strayed!
Where the music that he made!

Once I heard his merry tune
In the reedy river's rune,
Piping, piping to the stream
Where the ripples dusk and gleam.
Till the rushes did agree
In the echo of his glee,
Till each silvered willow tree
Whispered back his melody.
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
That was very long ago.
Tell me where the Piper 's strayed!
Where the music that he made!

Once I heard the Piper's reed
Where the charméd billows speed,
Piping, piping to the sands,
Foam-kist at his sly commands.
Till the sea-birds hushed their cry,
Till the shells forgot to sigh,
Till the clouds danced in the sky,
Crazed by such sweet harmony.
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
That was very long ago.
Tell me where the Piper 's strayed!
Where the music that he made!

Piper, pipe your ancient joy!
Age is but a painted toy,
Wisdom is a sorry thing,
Better far to laugh and sing.
Foolish youth was ever glad
For the folly that he had;
Mirth is sweet though mirth be mad,
Learning maketh hearts grow sad.
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Give me back the long ago!
Tell me where the Piper 's strayed!
Where the music that he made!

SONG.

UPID once a merry lad
Proffered songs and laughter;
Who could tell such gladness had
So much sorrow after?
So when first he came my way,
Heigh-ho! I bade him stay.

Now my dear is dead and gone
Cupid sits a-weeping,
All that love has said and done
In my memory keeping;
Would I'd packed him on his way!
Heigh-ho! Alack-a-day!

THE PEDDLER.

HAT need you, ladies? Come and see!
Here's Truth for Time's embroidery
In silken skeins of red and gold
And blue and purples manifold.
For dreams are faded—so I'm told."

"Who needs a staff within his hand
More powerful than a fairy wand?
Here's Truth to help you on your way,
And Truth 's an ash-stem strong though gray,
But dreams are broken reeds, they say."

"Come, boys and maidens, look and find
Old Truth, the mirror of mankind!
Nor see in some celestial glass
A better lad—a better lass,
For dreams and visions change and pass."

"Ho, all that walk beneath the sun,
Here 's Truth for all and everyone,
For Truth though old is ever new,
And who for customers would sue
With shabby dreams? So dreams are few."

Yet dreams there be, though few and far,
And fewer still those wise ones are
Who read beneath the peddler's gibe,
Refuse his Truth's untruthful bribe,
And dreams and treasures circumscribe.

Whose faded silks such stitchery
Have wrought as old saints loved to see,
Whose arms are strong in broken reeds
Upraised to champion human needs
And prick men on to noble deeds.

Whose vison mirrored not such face
As found on earth abiding place,
But some diviner lineament
Of hope and power and beauty blent,
Wherein his own was evident.

So cunning life displays his ware,
But when he bids you choose, beware!
He may befool your childishness,
For well he knows, (would he confess)
'Tis truths that curse and dreams that bless.

AT ASSISI.

(Giotto's "Sancta Paupertas.")

HER head, whereon the veil was wound,
By her own hair is meetly bound,
With roses red and white around,
And lilies on a golden ground.
(I heard her call to me.)
And though her feet with thorns are shod,
No way more sweetly turns to God
Than doth the way she sweetly trod,
The Lady Poverty.

I linger where her feet have led,
I see the paths whereon they bled,
I think of him whom once she wed,
Who died her spouse and lives being dead,
And still she calls to me;
For in her converse is content,
Nor all the years that came and went
Could rob of her blest blandishment
The Lady Poverty.

Her face is gentler than the skies,
But in the depths of her meek eyes
Dwells wonder and a mild surprise
That fools mistake her lowly guise.
(Surely she calls to me.)
And wisdom doth my heart decoy,
And all my pride it doth destroy,
For in thy voice there liveth joy,
My Lady Poverty.

I know not whence that joy was born,
I know men hold that joy in scorn;
'Tis they, not thou, who walk forlorn.
Thou dost the crown of Christ adorn
And keep His company.
So, having nought, possessing all,
Thou dost the whole world hold in thrall,
Me thy most lowly slave install,
O Lady Poverty!

THE BUILDER.

HO maketh bricks of hope and faith
And dream; who taketh such and saith
"I, for myself, will build full well
A goodly house and therein dwell."
He sayeth well! He sayeth well!

Who chooseth him a hill so high
That climbing he shall touch the sky,
Yet bears his bricks by steepest ways
And builds his house and therein stays,
All life repays! All life repays!

So unto men that come and go
Shall such an one his dwelling show,
And they who keep his company
Sweet counsel take until they be
As wise as he; as wise as he.

IN THE NURSERY.

HEN little play-worn feet have climbed
Their way to bed's sweet quarantine,
And little fingers, play-begrimed,
Are washed all clean;

By candle-light my baby treads
The far dim paths of slumber-land,
And pulls the flaming poppy-heads
With greedy hand.

She thrusts them in her girdle's sweep
And ties them in her sunny hair,
Her socks, her shoes, till poppies peep
From everywhere.

Then laughs and gathers more and more
And holds them in her arms—it seems
One scarlet poppy stands before
The Gate of Dreams;

And beats with tiny, flower-stained fist,
And stamps with small impatient feet,
Assured that all the worlds exist
For her conceit.

She gives her poppies for the wealth
Within, and goes away again,
Nor thinks of us who come by stealth
And seek in vain.

What spirits keep that envied gate
Round which your careless footsteps trod?
Who opened, small importunate?
Or was it God?

God whom you met there? God who smil'd?
Ah, then I pray when He allot
His nightly doles, this older child
Be not forgot.

TO A FALLEN ROSE.

OSE that once thy soul did'st hold
A hidden sweet,
Who hath bid thy leaves unfold?
Was it meet
So to stretch thy petals wide?
Sweetness treasured doth abide;
Thou hast bared thine heart and died.

Rose-leaves scattered on the ground
Tell to me,
Hath the earth thy sweetness found?
Say, must we
Nothing have but we must share?
Must I too my heart lay bare
Lest there be some sweetness there?

THE SUNFLOWER.

ROM out my garden's chequered bed
A sunflower's golden-fringèd head
Doth overtop the oaken fence,
And stands in sturdy eminence
To see the sun go stealing by
Along the highway of the sky.

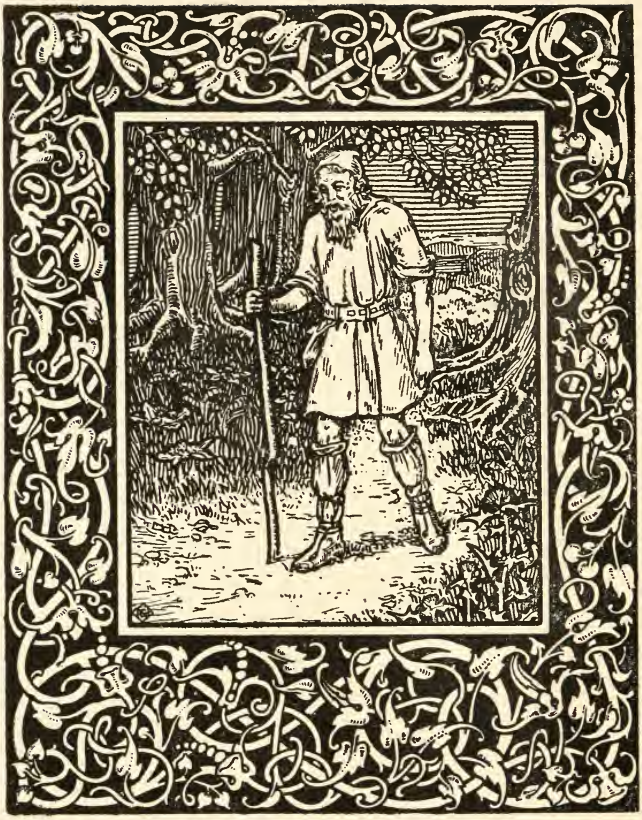
From dawn till set its quiet face
Accordeth with the sun-god's pace,
Nor doth it ever turn away
Therefrom throughout the changeful day,
For that a cloud may hide awhile
The god but may not hide his smile.

And since there be a certain task
To learn herein, I do but ask
That from the garden of my life
My soul may rise above the strife,
And scan with undistracted eyes
The love-way in celestial skies.

TO MY MISTRESS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

LAS, thou hast far wiser proved
Than I who languish in disgrace!
I showed my heart to her I loved,
Thou did'st but show to her thy face.
I did reflect her—virtue's queen;
Thou did'st reflect her outward mein.

She wearied of too high a throne;
No woman tires of her own self;
My fault my exile doth atone;
Thou standest on her tiring-shelf.
I tell how old love droops and dies;
Thou tell'st the new love in her eyes.



THE GLAD PILGRIM.

HERE passed a pilgrim wearily
Along the Pilgrim's Way,
Because he sang right cheerily,
I bade the pilgrim stay.
While glad and strong
That way along
Echoed the joy of the pilgrim's song.

The pilgrim's shoes were thin and old,
No cloak upon his back
Withstood the pinch of winter's cold,
He bore no well-filled pack.
But glad was he,
And merrily
He sang as he stood and fronted me.

"Why sing you with such lusty will
And pleasure manifest?
Methinks such mirth accordeth ill
The pilgrim's solemn quest;
For well I trow,
As all men know,
The way of the pilgrim is sad and slow."

The pilgrim shook his aged head
And laughed in sweet amaze,
"Not so *my* pilgrimage" he said
"*My* way is joyful praise;
From primal birth,
For the sons of earth
'Twas God made music and God made mirth."

"Yet pain and hunger on your brow
Have laid their scathing hand."
Said he "They press upon me now,
I feel them as I stand.
But chastisement
Is dead and spent
Ere it touches the heart of sweet content.

"And howsoe'er it buffet thee
Along the Pilgrim's Way,
Who walks with God for company
Shall sing his roundelay,
Till journeyings cease
And God release
From the gates of Heaven His sleep of peace."

The pilgrim took the road again
But echoes of his song
Still whisper in the winding lane
That once he passed along,
Till in my heart
Like rhythms start
And joy, his own joy's counterpart.

A FIELD OF LAVENDER.

RE ever lark had tuned his song
And bid the daisy-petals stir,
It chanced my path did lead along
Beside a field of lavender.

And, for so sweet a scent was borne
Toward me on my dusky way,
I stood until the waking morn
Unhid the rows of sober grey.

Which seeing, said I "Now indeed
(Unless my wit doth greatly err)
A goodly lesson I may read
In this dull field of lavender.

For though my homely days be set
So straight and grey as these do lie,
Therefrom a fragrance sweet may yet
Rejoice the way of passers-by."

A CHILD BEFORE A PICTURE OF THE NATIVITY.

HEN Christmas comes, small Jesus, wilt Thou be
A child like me,
Upon Thy Mother's knee?
And wilt Thou bless those shepherds who adore,
Thy throne before,
Lowly amid the straw?

And wilt Thou smile upon those eastern kings,
As each one brings
His gift of wondrous things?

I could not bring Thee offerings rich and rare,
But coming there,
I'd wait with hands all bare.

Yet should Thy Mother's eyes, so full of grace,
Turn from Thy Face
On me a moment's space,

She might forget how great Thou art, how grand,
And let me stand
Quite close and kiss Thy Hand;

Or smooth Thy bed within the oxen's stall,
—Although so small,
I could do that withal.

And, maybe, Parve Jesu Domine,
"Bless him" she'd say
"Before he goes away."

Then would I kneel and see Thy Hands outspread
Above my head
And hear Thy Blessing said.

So would I go, all sweet and free from blame,
Not as I came
—The same yet not the same.

When Christmas comes, small Jesus, Thou shalt see
A child like me
Stand by Thy Mother's knee.

SI QUÆRIS.

HE King, He sitteth on His throne,
He hath a gentle face;
His Son did all my sins atone,
And lendeth me His grace,
Nor do I fear to come alone
Unto Their holy place.

Yet doth it hap a servant true
Who loveth them full well,
He loveth all their children too
That on this earth do dwell,
And loveth best those children who
To him their prayers tell.

For that those prayers he would take
And say unto his Lord,
"Grant them I pray, for Jesu's sake,
According to Thy word,
And me who doth petition make
Thy graciousness afford."

So I, each day, more surely prove
That servant's charity,
Whose service pleads in courts above
My worthless cause for me;
Nor ever lover loved his love
As I Saint Anthony.

A SONG OF APRIL.

PRIL is a winsome lass,
Fickle she as sweet.
Coy her footsteps as they pass
Down the sunny street.
Trust her not although she smile,
She doth seek but to beguile.

Woo her for an hour or so,
She will tire of thee;
Sighing, bid thee pack and go
(Ah, the perfidy!)
Frown, and lo a shower of rain!
Would that thou wert home again!

THE EXILE.

THE wind is blustering down the quiet street,
And, all-bewitched with unaccustomed feet,
The leaves like russet-liveried heralds race
Before his face.

Heralds before and phantoms in his train!
So yellow leaves race down an elm-hung lane;
How is it with them, westwards, whence ye come,—
The hills of home?

Who counts the fading rushes' silver spears
Around the brown-filmed pool? To-day who hears
The heather whisper and the pine-trees sigh?
Not I. Not I.

IN MOTLEY.

HE smiles on wanton sorrow,
And he mends a broken heart,
So it's cap and bells you'll borrow
When you play a cheerful part;
You may keep your bells a-ringing
While you flaunt a motley coat,
Though it isn't easy singing
When the tears are in your throat.
Ho! Life's a jester's journey when all is done and said,
But the jester's laugh 's the truest in the days when he is dead.

There's a smile like withered posies
If you con your jester's role,
There's a laugh that 's like the roses
With a canker in their soul;
There are hearts may still be aching
Where the jester made his mend,
But it's all a risk worth taking,
And all things have an end.
Ho! Life's a jester's journey when all is done and said,
But the jester's laugh 's the longest in the days when he is dead.

THE WANDERERS.

WAY by the river, beneath the sleepy moon,
The willows nod and slumber to the song the ripples croon,
The floating leaves are tangled among their trailing wands,
But the stream and I have wandered to the sea and foreign lands.

The path forgets to wander while it keeps the water's edge,
And the vagrant breeze is cradled in the sighing of the sedge;
So travellers turn them homewards as the evening shadows fall,
But the stream and I have wandered to return no more at all.

AN INTERLUDE.

HERE lives a maid I used to meet;
I mind her tripping down the street,
I mind her little dainty feet,—
Ah, she was fair and she was sweet,
Who loved her if not I?
I loved her when I went away,
Yet who may hinder love's decay?
I mind me how she wept the day
We kissed and said goodbye.

And now she watches at the wall
That spans the orchard, shoulder tall,
Though springtime holds the world in thrall.
(Surely I saw the crisped leaves fall
All round her as I went!)
She sees the tawny fish-boat sail,
She sees the steamer's cloudy trail,
And, waiting, dreams the lover's tale
Of which I do repent.

The apple-blossoms, quivering down,
Caress her sunny wind-blown gown
And rest among her tresses brown
In semblance of some fairy crown;
Yet shall she not rule me.
Though she be sweet, my own sweet will
Has sweeter biddings to fulfil,
Though she be fair, yet fairer still,
Is Mistress Fancy-free.

THE SONG OF THE TRAMP.

WHILE white roads wind
Before, behind,
And over my head 's the sky,
Of rich and poor
I pass the door,
For who so glad as I?

I fling my woe
To the winds that blow,
For the wind with peace is shod,
And no man weeps
Whose wisdom keeps
To the ways her feet have trod.

Who treasures care
When everywhere
Are fields that are green and gay,
And a bed to dream
By bush or stream
At the end of a wander-day?

Beneath the stars,
When night unbars
Her gates and sets them free,

Where earth-things sound
And croon around—
Ah, there is the couch for me!

To wake at dawn
And watch the morn
Hustle the glooms away,
Is to take the road
With an easy load,
For it's doubts and glooms that weigh.

Lurk good or ill,
Beyond the hill,
I'll play me a valiant part.
Whate'er befall,
I'll greet it all
And trudge with an easy heart.

Through sun and shower
Be mine to scour
God's world from east to west,
To tramp along
And sing my song
Till I sight the "Travellers' Rest."

SEA CAVES.

CAME at the ebb of the calling tide
Where wandered surges roam,
And a Dead Thing paced with me side by side
And laughed at the whispering foam;
He flung the ghost of a broken toy
At the heels of the moaning sea,
And his laugh was the laugh of a buried joy
That broke the heart of me.

I fled the length of the gleaming sands
And the Dead Thing went before,
Till I stayed at the edge of the Sorrowful Lands
Where the black rocks leave the shore;
And all around was the soft sweet flood
And the lap of the crooning swell,
On the farmost rock the Dead Thing stood
And chanted the Dead Thing's spell;

Till away beyond a mermaid sang
On a crest of the waiting sea,
And shoreward, shoreward her music rang

Like a dream of harmony.
For its lilt was ever of green sea-caves
Where fossilled memories lie,
And peace is over the sand-strewn graves,
And Dead Things really die.

I crept and gazed at the sea-caves green
As I knelt at the Dead Thing's side
With a thousand fathoms of peace between
And the lure of the calling tide.
And there as the sea-maid ceased to sing
On the crest of the waiting sea
I saw her stand where the sea-weeds swing
Round the graves of memory.

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

THE sun is sleeping in the misty west,
And lonely twilight lingers on the shore;
She gathers all the sea-birds to her breast,
And folds their nesting in her soft heart's core,
As I, my sweet, who sit and guard thy rest
Beside my cottage door.

Sleep, lest the calling of the sea molest
Thy peace with whispers of her hidden lore;
Sleep, lest the wĭnd—my all-unbidden guest—
Sing thee the wonders of her travelled store,
That thou, upgrown, should'st wander at her hest
And come to me no more.

The grey mice play around the old sea-chest
That stands unusèd on the dusky floor;
The hungry sea doth but renew her quest,
The wĭnd is singing as she sang before;
Their sweet enchantments are thy sire's bequest,
The mantle that he wore.

A FAERY SONG.

HEN through a thousand eyes
Heaven is gleaming
Troop there folk wee and wise,
Laden with dreaming;
Packs full of finest gold
Culled from the river,
Where sunbeams manifold
Shimmer and shiver;
Packs full of diamonds they
Gathered at morning,
Down by the meadow-way,
Grasses adorning;
Packs full of lovesongs more
Sweet than a lover's,
Filched from a troubadour
Feathered pelt covers.
Come away!
Come and play
Life with the faeries,
Lest you grow old and grey
Dwelling where care is.

Down from the hillsides green,
Up from the valleys,
Round her Queen Mab, I ween,
All her host rallies;
For him who wakes to see
—Gladdest of mortals—

A FAERY SONG

Faeryland verily
Opens her portals;
Every elf on the ground
Lo, his pack flinging,
See them dance round and round,
Hark to their singing!
    Come away!
    Come and play
    Life with the faeries,
    Lest you grow old and grey
    Dwelling where care is.

Work-a-day! Work-a-day!
Counting your sorrow;
Night is the hour of play
Ere dawns the morrow.
Here there be gold and stones,
Love in full measure;
He who sleeps lightly owns
Princeliest treasure.
Gather then while ye may
Dreams full of gladness,
Though with the turn of day
Care come and sadness.
    Come away!
    Come and play
    Life with the faeries,
    Lest you grow old and grey
    Dwelling where care is.

RESPICE.

WHEN, all unsheathed, the yellow daffodils
Mirror the splendour of long faded stars,
When starlings brag and brawl such mimic wars
As stirred the valour of young lusty wills,
When in the deepmost hollow of the hills
The sun-gods frolic in their golden cars,
And skiey seas o'erleap their cloudy bars
And image Heaven in a thousand rills;
Then Spring, rash madcap, tyrant of the stage,
Flings back the curtain of the might-have-been,
Flaunting reminders of forgotten things.
So pregnant youth rebukes unfruitful age,
And many an actor shrinks him from his scene
And lurks regretful in the shadowy wings.

TO FANCY.

HOU cam'st all hidden in the mists of morn
To put thy spell upon my childish soul,
Thou laid'st thy dreams within a heart new-born—
I am thy girasole.

Where have I turned save where thy dim lights glowed
And danced upon the sea of hours, or swung
Like gleaming censers where in Night's abode
The lamps of peace are hung?

I have not wandered after alien fires—
Being thy bondsman when myself most free—
Thou art the earnest of my soul's desires,
My Time's Eternity.

Thy voice within my memory's core is bound
And yet thy words no language may enchain;
Like some shy wraith they fear the world of sound
And steal away again.

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO.

EARD ye the shepherds pass this way
When darkness lay along the street?
They came before the break of day
To kneel and worship at His feet.
Awake! Awake this Christmas morn!
Awake, good people, high and low!
For unto us a child is born.
Benedicamus Domino!

Heard ye the wise men passing by,
Who through the night their gifts did bring?
The star-shine showed where He doth lie
On Mary's knee—the Saviour King.
Awake! Awake this Christmas morn!
Awake, good people, high and low!
For unto us a child is born.
Benedicamus Domino!

And for that Thou did'st leave Thy bliss
To wait in Bethlehem for me,
I too will haste Thy feet to kiss,
O Parve Jesu Domine!
And on the straw will kneel as they
And bow my head that Thou may'st know
I too do worship Thee and say
Benedicamus Domino!

THE RHYME OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

T. MICHAEL stood on the King's highway,
And the road was long and strait,
"Do you see yon town where the sunbeams play
And the gleam of the pearly gate?
But what is the toll 'twixt you and me?"
"I give you my love, my love," said she.

St. Michael smiled as St. Michael dare,
(He counted the maiden's tears)
And the winds of God in her dusky hair
Left the snow of the falling years.
"*Now* what is the toll 'twixt you and me?"
"I give you my life, my life," said she.

St. Michael stood where St. Peter stands,
(She was old as old could be)
As she pulled the latch with her trembling hands
And begged their charity.
"Would you enter Heav'n without a toll?"
Said she, "I have only my soul, my soul."

St. Michael knelt and St. Michael pray'd
By a body old and grey,
And he kissed the wounds that the stones had made
As she trudged on the King's highway.
"For verily blessèd art thou!" said he
"Ecce ancilla Domini!"

And God came down from His lonely throne,
"Yea, for I heard her call,
And, lo, the coming of one, mine own,
Who yielded to me her all.
Here's love and life and soul, these three,
Take them again and be glad," said He.

THE AMULET.

IF I must learn my part
In sorrow, since unless,
I may not purge my heart
Of sleep and bitterness,
Give me to bear
My sorrow where
Are symbols numberless.

Near streams that patter by
Like fairies, silver-shod,
Give me to wander (I
Who need the chastening rod)
And let me kneel
Until I feel
A willow-weed is God.

Give me to bow my head
Where sunlight shimmers through
Green woods all carpeted
With blue of Heaven's blue,
And visions show,
Until I know
God walks in woodlands too.

On hills of purple heath
Beneath the wide free sky,
Where sorrow—yea, and death
Are small things, passing by,
Give me to stay
And day by day
To learn Time's vanity.

Give not untutored ease.
But all my way along
Be set great wind-blown trees
For me to strive among,
So when I weep,
I fall asleep
Beneath God's slumber-song.

Give me to dwell afar
From towns where men forget,
And grieve where all things are
At their true value set,
Lest for awhile
I doubt God's smile
And miss Life's amulet.

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

HE Blessed Mary had a lamb,
It too was white as snow,
Far whiter than I ever am—
Always and always so.

She found it lying in the stall
Wherefrom the oxen fed,
With hay for bedding, hay for shawl,
And hay beneath its head.

She followed near it every day
In all the paths it trod,
She knew her lamb could never stray,
(It was the Lamb of God.)

And when the cloud of angels came
And hid It from her sight,
Its heart was near her all the same
Because her own was white.

So when she slept white lilies screened
Her sleep from all alarms,
Till from His Throne her white lamb leaned
And waked her in His Arms.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS."

(Ode to Nelson. Trafalgar Day, 1914.)

OU who upon your column's crest have stood
So long, and watched life surging like a flood
Beneath your feet,
Nor noised your mandate as you waited there,
The quiet sentry of an unquiet square,
Where world-ways meet,
Speak now at last, great soul of deathless fame!
Your sons uphold the honour of your name,
And so go forth;
A nation answers to a nation's need
With life and service and with many a deed
Of noble worth.
Yet break, to-day, those bonds of silent stone.
Speak, till upon the wandering winds are blown
The words you speak!
For as your message sounds on land and sea,
Shall strong grow stronger and the weakling be
No longer weak.

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

EMEMBER, Lord, when last I came,
Thou heardest pray both him and me.
Now for the pity of Thy Name
I come to Thee.

See, at the hill-foot where we dwelt,
Yon cottage by the field of corn!
Together have we climbed and knelt
Our thanks each morn.

Dear Lord, Thou would'st not have me come
Alone? Maybe Thou hast forgot!
How should I pray and then turn home
Where he is not?

Oh Thou Who, being God, could'st die
The very hour Thy cup did brim,
Lend me that godly power that I
May go to him!

RELICT.

INCE he is mine for all eternity,
I will not grudge the gods their little day,
Nor will I weep, lest in some small degree
My pigmy tears bespoil their Titan play.

Not for so long must I possess my soul;
Even the gods will weary of their game,
And I who never sought their pity's dole
Will front them then and make my certain claim.

"Think ye I waited in the dark alone
Save that I did but lend him for your sport,
Knowing not *gods* should keep me from mine own
When I too stood within the inner court?"

Yea, when I come, if ever he and I,
Indissoluble still as from the first,
Remember this, it shall but magnify
Our perfect best that ye have done your worst!

MATER CONSOLATRIX.

NOT long ago,—it seems to-day, just there,
With small warm baby hands that held my knee
And steadied small unsteady feet, all bare
He stood, wet from his bath's sweet purity.
Oh Mary, thou who washed the Holy One,
Comfort my heart for him, my baby—gone!

Was it this morn I watched him as he ate
(A hungry lad, aye—ready for his meals)?
See on the dresser where it stands—his plate!
Mark on yon chair his quick impatient heels!
Oh Mary Mother, who the Christ lad fed,
Comfort my heart for him, my lad—who's dead!

Was it this very day he held my face
And smiled and kissed my lips—my stalwart son?
Was it to-day I saw him take his place,
So proud, and march away—my only one?
Oh thou who stood beneath the Altar Cross,
Comfort my heart for this, his gift, my loss!

Just to have seen! I would not ask to speak!
How often have I watched him as he lay,
—Quite still—brown fingers pressed beneath his cheek.
So did I watch the eve of yesterday.
Do thou, oh Mary, all my glory take,
And watch my baby's sleep until he wake!

Oh Mary Mother, smooth that blood-stained hair
That curls around the fingers of my heart,
And wipe away the sweat! see, all my share
I yield thee—all. Do thou a mother's part!
As once before, Himself, (at last at rest)
Thine own, so now *my* son hold on thy breast!

ANZAC.

ERE fell a man who gave his life in pledge
Of kinship and whose gratitude was paid
In blood—a man who looked beyond the edge
Of sure destruction and was not afraid.
A king in courage, being Honour's slave,
He spent for Honour all he had to spend;
Then buried Death in his thrice-splendid grave
And rose immortal in a noble end.

ON A YOUNG SUBALTERN.

O lay him where he fell, this silent boy
With smiling eyes that death forgot to close.
His sleep is wisdom and his wisdom joy.
He has outrun us, being one of those
Whom the gods love, who as they breast the tape
Hold high a soul untrammelled and who fall
On slumber ere they know what they escape.
Mourn not the death of one who at so small
A cost bought glory—nay, but rather boast
How Youth on Youth the Cross of Victory pinned,
While into nothingness crept back a host
Of shadows unexplored, of sins unsinned!

The initial letter in this poem should be "S."

MY TRUE-LOVE DWELLETH IN THE SACRED HEART.

MY true-love dwelleth in the Sacred Heart.
How shall he not be safe in such a case?
I laid him there when Fortune did us part,
He bideth so awhile in peace and grace.
My true-love dwelleth in the Sacred Heart.

His soul hath grown to love its tarrying-place,
Mine would not call him from a rest so sweet;
He knows I die to gaze upon his face,
I know he loves me till we too shall meet.
My true-love dwelleth in the Sacred Heart.

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